Recent Verse of Varying Values

THE VEIL AND OTHER POEMS, wholesale quotaflon; "Good-Bye" is the cadences of her lines than the

An instance and must stand sponsor of all the rest:

De la Mare. With Illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Henry Holt & Co.

THE SWEPT HEARTH AND OTHER POEMS. By Amory Hare. John Lane Company.

SONGS AND MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By Moira

POEMS. By Amory Hare. John Lane Company.

SONGS AND MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By Moira O'Neill. The Macmillan Company.

POEMS. By Gerda Dalliba, With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. Duffield & Co.

HARLEM SHADOWS—POEMS. By Claude McKay. With an Introduction by Max Eastman. Harcourt Brace & Co.

KINFOLKS. Kentucky Mountain Rhymes. By Ann Cobb. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

THE YALE RECORD BOOK OFVERSE. 1872-1922. Yale U.lvcr-sity Press.

white April. By Harold Vinal.
The Yale Series of Younger Poets.
Yale University Press.
DREAMS AND A SWORD. By Medora G, Addison. The Yale Series of Younger Poets.
Yale University.
Press.

HOMEWORK AND HOBBYHORSES.

HOMEWORK AND HOBBYHORSES.

New Poems by Boys of the Perse
School. Edited by H. Caldwell
Cook E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE IRONMONGER. By S. A. De
Witt, Frank Shay.

A FEW FIGS FROM THISTLES. By
Edna St. Vincent Millay. Prank
Shay. Shay.

WO volumes of Walter De la Mare's distinctive measures came together from the press this spring like twin peaches on a southern wall, mellow, fragrant, full of their special flavor. Or, if you are particular about the figures, call them two heavy clusters of aromatic grapes, sweet and strong and pungent, full of the magic wine which his readers consume with such You may have your choicefilled with what is more like peach brandy than new wine; others still flow smoothly upon the palate with the suavity of unfermented, syrupy juices of life, yet all are sparkling with their latent meanings, to be mayored by little and little, in often

Of all the more than fifty poems in the new book "The Veil" seems least suited to the prominence of a title poem; it may be that he chose it because it was one short word, convenient for a book case and suggestive enough of mystery to fit in with his whim and also pique the reader's curiosity. Almost every other bit has more of his own quality. "The Imp Within" might be a whimsical adjuration to himself; it is printed at the beginning of the book. And the next one, "The Old Angler," is "characteristic" De la Mare from beginning to end:

Twilight leaned mirrored in a pool
Where willow boughs swept green
and hoar,
Slik-clear thy water calm and cool,
Silent the weedy shore.

This book contains much of this poet's rare beauty of expression. A single grape from the thick cluster, plucked almost at random, must serve to tempt taste. The first stanza of "The Spirit of Air" is like strained honey:

Coral and clear emerald,
And amber from the sea,
Lilac colored amethyst, chalcedony;
The lovely spirit of air
Floats on a cloud and doth ride,
Clad in the beauties of earth
Like a bride.

His frighten-the-children manner has less representation in this volwme, but here are two stanzas from "Crazed":

I know a pool where nightshade preens Her poisonous fruitage in the moon; Where the frail aspen her shadow

In midnight cold a-swoon.

I saw a crazed face, did I, Stare from the lattice of a mill, While the lank sails clacked idly by High on the windy hill.

grouped in narrow space, invite will probably find more to admire in

an instance and must stand sponsor

dewed rys.

A hardening darkness glasses the haunted eye,
Shines into nothing the watcher's burnt out candle,
Wreathes into scentless nothing the wasting incense,
Faints in the outer silence the hunting cry.

Love of its muted music breathes no

Thought in her ivory tower grops in her spinning.

Toss on in vain the whispering trees of Eden.
Last of all last words spoken is good-bye.

"Down-Adown-Derry," striking picture book is called from one of the poems, is a selection made from Mr. De la Mare's marvelous verses of childhood. It is sub-titled "A Book of Fairy Poems," and it includes some plums plucked out of "Peacock Pie," but most of its engaging content comes from the classification made in the "Collected Poems" under the heading "Songs of Chilihood," although the classification of "Witches and Fairles" has been sifted for golden nuggets. The occasion for this selection is the illustration of many of these fairy poems by the distinctly fairy pencil Miss Dorothy P. Lathrop. Just as Heath Robinson made distinctive if not actually immortal, though gusto. You may have your choice— we should like to think so—illustra-some of these little crystal cups are tions for "Peacock Pie," so these pictures have a quality of their own which is inclusive and suggestive enough to fix them in the minds of Mr. De la Mare's readers for years to come.

> "Amory Hare," bringing out a second volume of verses, gives her book the title of the first poem-"The Swept Hearth":

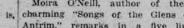
> They are so rapturous the songs I would have made; They are so beautiful, my never painted skles;

The kindly deeds my spirit rushed to do Are lost with all my moons that Md



Are gone with all the tunes I might have played. Yet, at the last trump, when the accounting's made,
When I reply I shall not be afraid:
"I swept my hearth . . . 'twas all that I might do."

Some of the songs of this book, though doubtless inferior to those above referred to, are full of emo-tion; too often, alas, of the hair lated by Arthur Waley. Alfred A. painful. The aims of the play is to thus excluded, the idiom of the No. often, These close grained lines, often splitting kind. The author's friends



general public.

Moira O'Neill, author of these charming "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," remarks in a five line preface that they were "written by a Glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens and chiefly for the pleasure of other Glenspeople; and they are now reprinted from Blackwood and the Spectator." They are bound to give deep pleasure to many besides "the Glenspeople;" the plaintive note is not mournful, and their true music sings on every page. A stanza from "The Song of Glen Dun":

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea.

An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red bell hides a bee; As the bee is dear to the honey flower.



so one is dear to me. Flower o' the rose, Flower o' the rose, A thorn pricked me one day, but no-body knows.

The "Song of Glenann" has been sung by many a wanderer:

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann Meself could lift a song! An' ne'er an hour by day or dark Wad I be thinking' long.

An' now we're quarely better fixed. In troth! there's nothin' wrong: But me an' mine, by rain or shine, Wad I be thinkin' long.

The last stanza of "Cuttin' Rushes" gives a hint of its beauty; Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years

bunch o' green rushes.

Run, burn, run! Can ye mind when when we were young?

The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an brown:

Sing, burn, sing! Can ye mind the

song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

number of strikingly musical translations from Italian poets add to the beauty and value of this collection of distinctive poetry.

Edwin Markham wrote in 1908 "A Word of Introduction" to a book of "Poems" of Gerda Dalliba, in which he said he found "touches of the wild beauty which is the thing created by poetic genius." In "A Word More," in which he tells us

tion of her daughter's shorter poems. the young author flashes through

"these strange rhymes and rhapso-

dies" with actual if fitful beauty. "Harlem Shadows," by Claude Mc-Kay, is a collection of verses of which Max Eastman says in his "Introduction" - that 'there poems have a special interest for all the races of men because they are sung by a pure blooded negro. Here for the first time we find our literature vividly enriched by a voice from this most alien race among us." There is much to admire in the face of the somewhat limited literary equipment of this born poet, in his expression of the emotions, often frankly elementary, which have led him away from his first purpose to write out songs of his race, with their "dellcate syllabic music," as Mr. Eastman calls it. Quotation of a stanza two would be unsatisfactory; there is more than enough in the book to repay careful reading. Mr. Eastman declares he has "the pure, clear, arrowlike transference of his emotion into one breast, without any but the inevitable words-the quality that reminds us of Burns and Villar and Catullus and all the poets that we call lyric because we love them so much."
"Kinfolks" is a volume of "Ken-

tucky Mountain Rhymes" by Ann Cobb, who has taught and lived among the mountains for fifteen Their language has changed but little since Shakespeare's time,



and the simplicity of their lives is reflected in these rugged rhymes.

"Homework and Hobby Horses" is the title of a collection of new verses by boys in the Perse School in Cambridge, edited by H. Caldwell Cook, who was the pioneer in England of "Gerda Dalliba died near the the "play method" of teaching com-Mediterranean in 1913" and her position which has gained good re-mother has now gathered this collec-sults in many schools. The authors of the divine urge of expression.

of the poems in this little book are There are many sonnets and a few boys between the ages of 10 and 14. longer poems. The ardent spirit of They show more than ordinary powers of observation of beauty, and reveal considerable originality of thought. Teachers who take the trouble to study youthful minds will find much to interest them in these

'The Yale Record Book of Verse:



1872-1922" is a selection for that famous old weekly paper. Prof. Phelps writes a "Foreword" in which he says they dusted off the files of fifty years to find material for this book. The editors are F. W. Bronson, T. C. Chubb and Cyril Hume. There are about a hundred pieces in the book, longer and shorter, and most of them carry in their fibre the condemnation of the "occasional" rhyme, whether the occasion be a football game, a prom or a need for six lines to justify the last form. The popularity of the "ballade" form shows that life among the poets at Yale is no better than anywhere else.

"Dreams and a Sword," by M. C. Addison, and "White April," by Harold Vinal, are new issues in the 'Yale Series of Younger Poets."

Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's glittering verses call for many reprintings, it would seem. Among all the "A Few Figs From Thistles" she never did better than in the "First Fig":

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But, oh, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

"The Ironmonger," by S. A. De Witt, is a thin book of verse seemingly well named. Most of it sounds like the intimate intimations of a

Odd Drama of Old Japan

Knopf.

SUMPTUOUS volume in an exotic orange binding, containing nineteen plays with appropriate forewords and also illustrations of masks and actors and a ground plan of the ancient theater. The author says in an illumifiating introduction that Japan boasts a stage art which discards realism entirely and aims boldly at stylization and simplification. The heightened actors wear masks, but though localities and properties are suggested if necessary, practically their only extrinsic aid is costume.

These plays, dating back to the fourteenth century, are written partly in prose and partly in verse, in a language used to-day only in formal letters. The delivery is species of intoning sometimes attaining actual song. Every play includes a chorus, and a dance by the chief actor with slow steps and solemn gestures. Young men take the othis and the prayers of the pilgrim

give a vision of life painted only in the colors of memory, longing, re-Buddhistic, it embodies doctrine of Karma; and escape from the wheel of life and death comes only through enlightenment, the realization that material phenomena are not facts but thoughts.

Their pattern is formal and prescribed. A conventional introduction quickens the imagination and prepares the entrance of the hero, who is usually a ghost. Then follow the first chant, the dialogue, the successive dances, and the climax. All these are combined with absolute mastery of construction. It is in architecture, says the author, that these poems are supreme.

Mr. Waley illuminates the matter by treating "The Duchess of Malfi" in the No style. The ghost of the duchess would appear to a pilgrim at the shrine of Loretto, narrate the story of her life, and through women parts. The acting must con- her soul would be enabled to break

play is by no means so Shakespearean as that of the Chinese play. But the naive self-announcing and the treatment of time and place is the same as in the early English plays; or indeed as in the later Shakespeare, when he was at his most indifferent. The pilgrim or priest always describes his journey and some days may clapse during his dozen lines-just so in "Cymbeline" three hours pass during one short scene in Imogen's room.

The slenderness of the poem gives a wrong idea of the performance. It is not simple or unsophisticated. The No performer does not act out the situation he describes so sketchily, he devotes his art to intensifying the poet's fancy. The basic essential of the effect he makes seems to be supplied by the drums which accompany him. Their rhythm is a highly technical operation, which seems to depend for its final shape upon in-

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